



## THE GOOD FAIRY "KNOW HOW."

BY MRS. CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.

**I** DO wish there were fairies now-a-days, who would have little wands, and say little says, and lo! and behold! you'd have on a new dress with slippers to match, and gloves with unlimited buttons! There is an invitation to a delightful reception at Mrs. Eldredge's. The wife of a French artist is to be there, and several people I'd give anything to see. But not a rag have I to wear — or rather I've nothing but rags to wear," said Ellen.

"I wish I was a fairy, and could give you pretty toilettes! I am sorry to have you miss seeing those pleasant people, you lead such quiet lives. But I've nothing left of my finery — except an old cream-colored silk skirt," replied her aunt.

"Thank you, aunty, dear," said Ellen, "but the fairy would have to go the whole figure with me. I can't make bricks without straw as Bell can. I have no faculty. The 'know how' is where I fail."

"I don't care if I do miss a common-place party," said Bell, "but I *shall* be sorry not to meet those charming people. I'll go to bed and see if I can't dream a dress. I'll use the old skirt as a fabric of my dream, aunty — is there much silk in it?"

"It's a full skirt — but there is no waist, you know."

"Aunty," said Bell, at breakfast, next morning, "do you think it would be wrong to spend two dol-

lars on finery that will be no good afterward, and take two whole days or more to make it into a dress?"

"No," replied kind aunt Martha. "I'd gladly give you ten dollars, if I could, to have you go — you may never have the chance to meet those people again. You have nice boots?"

"Yes," laughed Bell, "I always buy nice boots the moment I get any money; for I can't make boots, but I can make bonnets and dresses. Now, hear my plan and behold my devices. I have been at work already. In painting this bit of ribbon, I happened to have too much water in my brush, and the colors run a little and gave this lovely wavy effect."

"And you mean to paint the skirt?" asked Aunt Martha. "I'll do the sewing for you, gladly."

"But you can't get a waist, and a bonnet and fresh gloves for two dollars," said Ellen. "I have five dollars, but that wouldn't go any way at all."

Bell smiled, and began to paint the breadths as her aunt ripped and smoothed them. Little bouquets of roses and forget-me-nots, and fly-away grasses soon began to bloom all over them — it was lovely.

"Oh, dear," said Ellen, "how I wish I had learned to paint when you did! I had the same chance — but the beginning of things is always so stupid; I want to know how at once."



"Only the road of patient working leads to the fairy 'Know How,'" said aunty.

After the skirt was painted, Bell went shopping. Ellen laughed as she opened her sister's package.

"A waist of cream-colored silesia! oh, Bell, that will never pass for silk! And what have you bought five or six yards of swiss muslin for?"

"Wait and see," said Bell, full of business, laying her waist pattern on the silesia.

Very soon a jaunty jacket was cut from the muslin, and the rest was laid aside for a sash.

The paints came out again now, and the same little bouquets that had bloomed on the skirt, began to appear on the muslin. Even lazy Ellen offered to baste; both she and aunt Martha were lost in admiration.

"What is your bonnet to be?"

"To-morrow will show," said Bell.

They could not help laughing to see Bell add the brim of one old lace bonnet-frame to the crown of another, but it looked very fresh when the muslin was drawn over it. "You can't make artificial flowers," said aunty.

"Can't I?" said Bell.

These two who owned Bell, and who thought her a wonderful girl, shook their heads as she unfolded a sheet of pale pink tissue-paper.

"My child, you can't wear paper roses," said auntie.

"Can't I?" replied Bell.

With skillful fingers she twisted and pinched a cinamon rose into blossom, in two minutes, and touched the heart with carmine. She made a little bunch of these roses and tied them together with a Frenchy little bow of blue ribbon.

"I don't know," said Bell, looking at her admiring spectators, "why paper is not as respectable as cloth. Why shouldn't I be a leader of fashion? However, to satisfy your fastidious souls, I will throw this bit of white illusion over the roses, and only let the blue bow peep out."

"But gloves!" said Ellen, "gloves! they are as hard to make as boots."

"Yes," replied Bell, "but mitts are not. Hold out your hand, Ellen, for a mould."

Then Bell fitted and pulled, and at last made a very pretty pair of long, fingerless mitts from a little piece of black ground lace—the seam came on the inside of the hand and arm—edged top and bottom with a scrap of black lace, which she had owned for years, and which she had often said was just too short for anything.

A tiny side plaiting peeped out from under the scalloped edge of the jacket; and when the skirt was on and the sash and jacket—which took a soft creamy hue from the silesia—and the bonnet was on her pretty head, and the mitts were on her pretty hands, and her fresh boots were on her pretty feet, no one could have helped saying that Bell was stylishly and becomingly dressed.

"Oh, dear," said Ellen, "you know how to do everything and anything—I believe I'll start up and try."

"Well, who would have dreamed that my little capital of two dollars would have brought in such a return?" said Bell, a week or two after the reception, at which she was introduced to the artist's wife from Paris, and had a long talk with her, and where the delightful author she had so longed to see brought her refreshments, and actually sat down and entertained her between his mouthfuls of ice-cream and cake!

"Oh, don't call it a return on a two dollar capital," said aunt Martha; "it is the interest on knowing how to do things, which it took you years to learn how to do well, and which cannot be estimated by dollars."

"Why, I've more work than I can do in a month," said Bell, "and it will bring in—fifteen, and ten, and twenty-five and five are thirty, and ten are forty dollars. A toilette-set to paint, two screens, two sashes, and ribbons and a muslin dress for the artist's wife! She is coming on Tuesday to look at my studies, and choose the flowers—I'll make her dress a beauty. Mrs. Eldridge has managed all this. I'll remember her kindness. She is going to make a silk down quilt for a gift, and she says she shall get me to paint the silk, instead of spending her time on a 'log-cabin'."

So it happened that aunt Martha did not have to wear her faded striped silk that summer, but appeared in a handsome Hernani, and a black lace bonnet with a wreath of little acorns across the front, shaded from yellow to a deep, golden brown.

Bell made the wreath herself. She painted each acorn and slipped it from the cup, through which she ran a fine wire for a stem, and then with a drop of glue firmly replaced it. The wires were wound round little natural twigs.

"That lady with the white puffs, in front of us, had on an imported bonnet," said a city lady who was boarding in town, to her friend as they passed out of church. Bell opened her eyes at aunt Martha. That lady smiled.

"They don't know I've a fairy niece named 'Know How,'" said she.